

## Girls Smile

girls smile  
they don't sneer  
yet

women look over their shoulder  
sneering  
unsmilingly

black robe  
in wood cut  
immobile

disregard  
the warning  
that looking back  
will turn them  
into salt

women's bodies  
taste like salt

we are part of the sea  
of atrophy

## Looking Forward

my lids are heavy  
closing on the eighties' dream to come

deep-set eyes  
turning backward

no shutters to shield  
from the grey matter  
retaining the thirties

about  
to be repeated  
now

the eight brings  
full circle  
where the three left off

McCarthy came late  
and Hitler early

but the eighties  
will combine them both

# Turning Points

CHRISTINE VON AESCH

## Homing

eighties:  
rounded mother  
of a decade

going home.

circular perfection  
emerging  
from shanty-town.

corrugated iron  
broken beams  
hammered  
into the semblance  
of a house.

(it's got termites, the inspector said)

## Crazy Eighties

they told me she was  
half crazy  
walking the gardens  
at dawn.  
they said she had forgotten  
yet memories  
go on and on.

they told me she was dancing

at midnight  
cradling flowers and spring air.  
they told me  
they told me  
they told me.  
I screamed  
and there was no-one there.